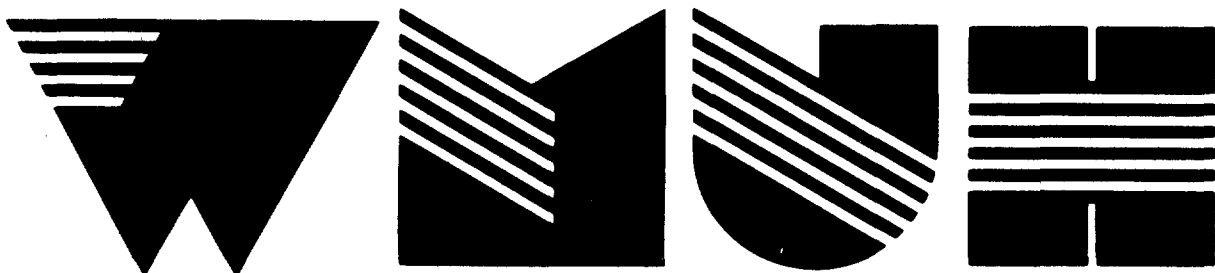


PROGRAM GUIDE 1989

Listener Supported Community Radio
From the Campus of Muhlenberg College



LEHIGH
VALLEY
COMMUNITY
BROADCASTERS
ASSOCIATION



ALLENTOWN

91.7 FM



Mario Wisser

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FROM THE EDITORS

Looking back in life there are hopefully, a few things a person can feel really good about. For the people involved in the beginning stages of the Lehigh Valley Community Broadcasters Association those summers in the early eighties are truly milestones.

There were only a handful of us back in 1981 and yet we did great radio. We were an oasis in a very dry radio desert. In 1982 we quenched the ever-raging thirst of our listeners by broadcasting round-the-clock. We also published our first program guide: a two-sided, 8½" x 11" sheet bearing our program schedule. Our listeners loved it.

1983 was a bigger year yet. We diversified our programming, our staff of volunteers grew to seventy-five and we published 10,000 copies of a 16-page program guide. Local businesses bought advertising in the guide and paid for the printing and production costs. Not bad work for a bunch of volunteers.

This summer begins our ninth on-air season at WMUH-FM and this is our eight program guide. The guide has grown by several pages and we've added articles. You'll find short stories, poetry, pieces on local arts groups and an artist profile on singer, songwriter Kate Bush. We wish we had room for even more of this sort of fare. We invite your comments on our programming and our guide. Perhaps you'll consider contributing to next year's guide which will mark the tenth anniversary of community radio in the Lehigh Valley.

We know that we are not radio for the masses. And that's okay. We do know that our radio work contributes much to the quality of life here in the Lehigh Valley, and we take great pride in knowing this. We hope you'll agree. Keep this guide on your coffee table or post our back cover program grid on the office bulletin board. Share one of the best kept secrets in the Lehigh Valley, and call us. We'd love to hear what you think.

Cheryl A. Haughney
Joe Swanson

RADIO BY NUMBERS

Once upon a time, Radio was a means of communication. Now that word, Communication, implies a two-way street of exchange. Input here, output there. What happened? The value of radio as entertainment quickly over took the airwaves and the value of the airwaves quickly dictated what that entertainment would be. But for years prior to that, radio was diverse with news, educational programs and drama; music was only a small part of the broadcast day.

As more radio stations came into operation, owners and managers scrambled for the "sound" people wanted and music became a larger part of the day. Dick Clark's American Bandstand brought marketing research and data to the fore of programming decisions and music became specialized. Stations became Top-40, Album Oriented Rock (AOR), Adult Contemporary, Jazz, Country or you name it. Add to that the frenzy of stations to be "first" according to marketing and research data and the possibilities become obvious.

The unfortunate thing about this whole state of affairs is that when music and radio programming became a science, the listener became a number and numbers don't have a whole lot of personality. Especially those numbers called the lowest common denominator, which takes people out of the equation and turns them into . . . you guessed it, a number.

When a station would come up with a format that gave them the largest percentage (read number) of the audience in any market, it would be copied across the country in a very short time.

This situation got so bad in the early 80's that on a cross-country trip you could quickly identify what a station's market was simply by hearing a quarter hour. You could even figure out when they would announce the weather and time because the "Formula" was so consistent. Stations that followed these formulæ however could not break new ground. They might say they did, but instead they relied on braver stations to take the chance on a song or program before they would even consider it. Hence, from the lowly underground of college and community radio came the new, the alternative, the new wave or the new age.

But not all good ideas get stolen. Radio became content to leave documentaries, in-depth news probes and most of its drama to television, but out there in the hinterlands there are still programs on radio devoted to women and issues concerning them, minorities, ethnic and cultural diversity, education and major issues. And public, community and college radio is now the only place the hear the "off-the-wall", alternative, diverse or unusual or the myriads of musical artists that get no air play on the number oriented stations.

Somewhere in the 80's, Radio in general lost its First Amendment rights and can no longer play the so-called "dirty words, cuss words, or sexual innuendo" that a newspaper in the same market can print at will. And that means we are protecting our children. For some reason then, we have determined that words can be obscene or at the very least

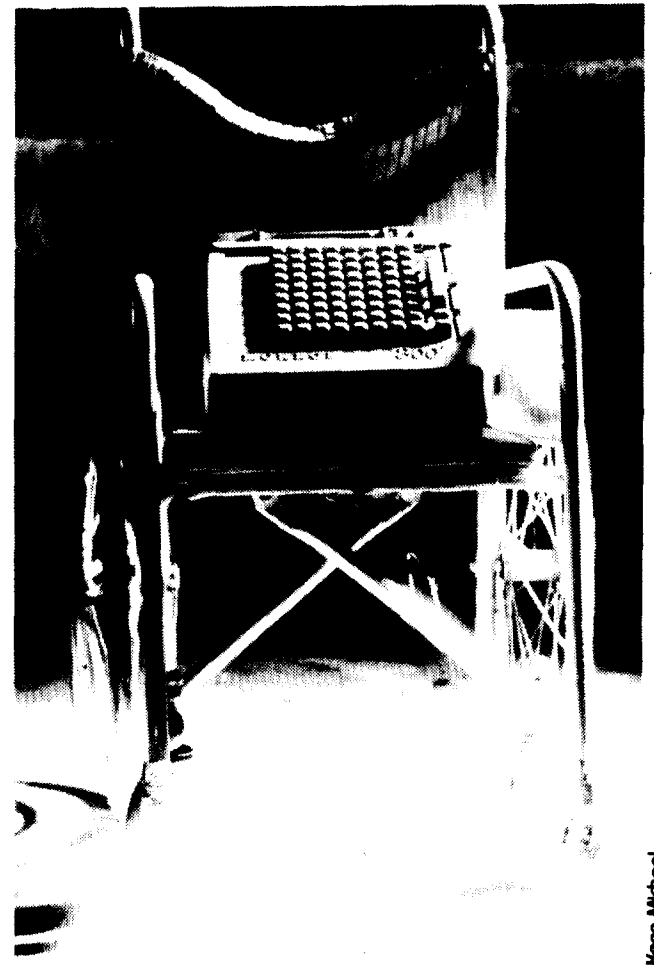
indecent and that by banning them on the radio we are protecting our children. Of course, there is nothing indecent or obscene about 100 bloody, graphic murders per day on our tv sets or excessive emphasis on being young and beautiful. It's those words that make them so mad.

So, most of radio across the dial is a packaged, marketed pabulum for the masses, not too hard, not too soft, just mush. But if you're brave enough, listen to the FM dial below 92 for the fresh, new, alternative to complacency. Become an interactive listener, by calling if you like something, or write and suggest some ideas. Or be one of the doers and consider becoming a radio producer in your hometown. In the Lehigh Valley its as easy as joining the LVCBA, taking your training seriously and helping to put communication back into radio. After all WMMU at Muhlenberg College and the LVCBA are "many voices, with many things to say" and you might be one of them.

And maybe someday people will realize that there's a chance to share ideas and we've been here all the time.

Besides, we need the numbers.

Joe Swanson



Kenn Michael

ALTERNATIVE RADIO ON WMUH-FM

... from the Lehigh Valley
Community Broadcasters Association

On behalf of the LVCBA's 150 volunteers, I would like to welcome WMUH's listeners, our friends old and new, to another year of community radio at Muhlenberg College. This is our sixth season since the formation of the LVCBA, and next year we'll be celebrating the tenth anniversary of the formation of WMUH's community staff. We believe we have made many contributions to the Lehigh Valley over the past decade by supplying listeners with a genuine alternative to other radio stations.

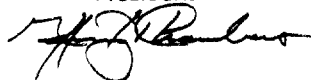
The federal laws regulating the broadcast industry are based on the principle that the airwaves belong to the public. In reality, broadcasting is captive to the relatively small number of people who hold radio station licenses. Today what passes for "programming in the public's interest" is little more than an endless repetition of self-promoting hype and Top 40 elevator music. Only the commercials change. It's clear whose interests are being served and it's certainly not the listener's.

Our goal is to satisfy the many interests and tastes commercial radio ignores. In regards to music, we offer an incredible range of material: virtually every genre of classical, jazz, folk, blues, New Age, electronic, experimental and ethnic music, including reggae, polkas, gospel, Hispanic and Third World. We also place a strong emphasis on creative works other than music, such as poetry, plays and children's shows. What we try not to carry is material you can hear elsewhere.

None of this is easy, especially because we're all volunteers and have to balance our radio activities with our families and jobs. Equally difficult are the finances. Our members personally donate \$3,000 in membership fees each year to keep our organization running, while another \$7,000 or so must be raised through listener contributions, program underwriting grants, benefit concerts, deejay services, and the sale of t-shirts and other items. We are very grateful for the support people and companies have provided, certainly their financial help but also their donations of equipment and albums.

On that same note, we appreciate the generous contribution of Muhlenberg College and its students in making WMUH available to us. The college has presented the Lehigh Valley with a rare gift: a community radio station, something other communities have had to struggle for, if they were lucky enough to get one at all. Finally, a special word of thanks to the thousands of people who listen to WMUH. If there were only a handful of you, we would be just as appreciative, but it is even more gratifying to know from your letters and telephone calls that we have become such an important resource to so many.

Geoffrey H. Chambers
President




Kenn Michael

THE LVCBA: NINTH SEASON OF COMMUNITY RADIO AT WMUH-FM

In 1981 several Muhlenberg College students invited some community members to help out with programming at the college's radio station WMUH-FM. Prior to that time, the station shut down during the college's vacation breaks and also was off the air from 2-6 a.m. when school was in session. With the permission of the college administration, community members worked with the student staff in keeping WMUH on the air during the 1981 summer vacation break. The summer was a success, and the community staff subsequently received permission to host programs during all vacations and early morning hours. For the first time since its start in 1964, WMUH was able to broadcast on a full-time basis year-round.

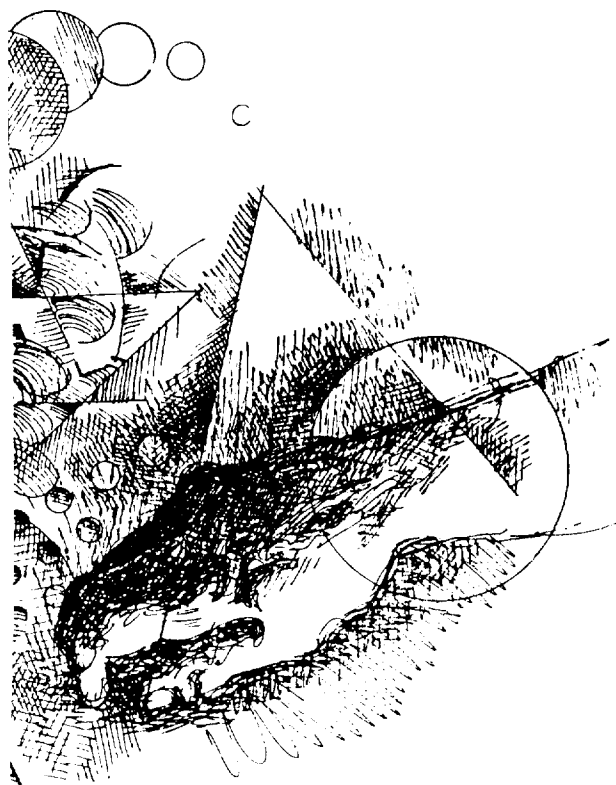
The initial community operations at WMUH involved only a handful of volunteers, some of whom put in marathon shifts of eight hours or more. The volunteer staff, however, grew quickly, and within two years it became apparent a more formal organization was needed to coordinate training, air shifts, programming and fundraising. Finally, in 1984 the Lehigh Valley Community Broadcasters Association (LVCBA) was formed as a non-profit corporation with about 80 members and affiliated volunteers. A year later the association joined the National Federation of Community Broadcasters, an organization representing community radio operations nationwide.

Today the LVCBA includes an all-volunteer staff of 150 members, who produce more than 5000 hours of radio at WMUH each year and contribute a similar amount of time in training new announcers, raising funds, and carrying out the organization's administrative activities. The LVCBA, which has its own office, production and training facility at Allentown's Masonic Temple, also sponsors concerts, operates a deejay service for private and community events, underwrites performances by visiting artists, and provides programmers to other college stations. Together, these activities are aimed at exploring the possibilities of broadcast media by providing public access to the airwaves and promoting a wider appreciation for the performing and audio arts.

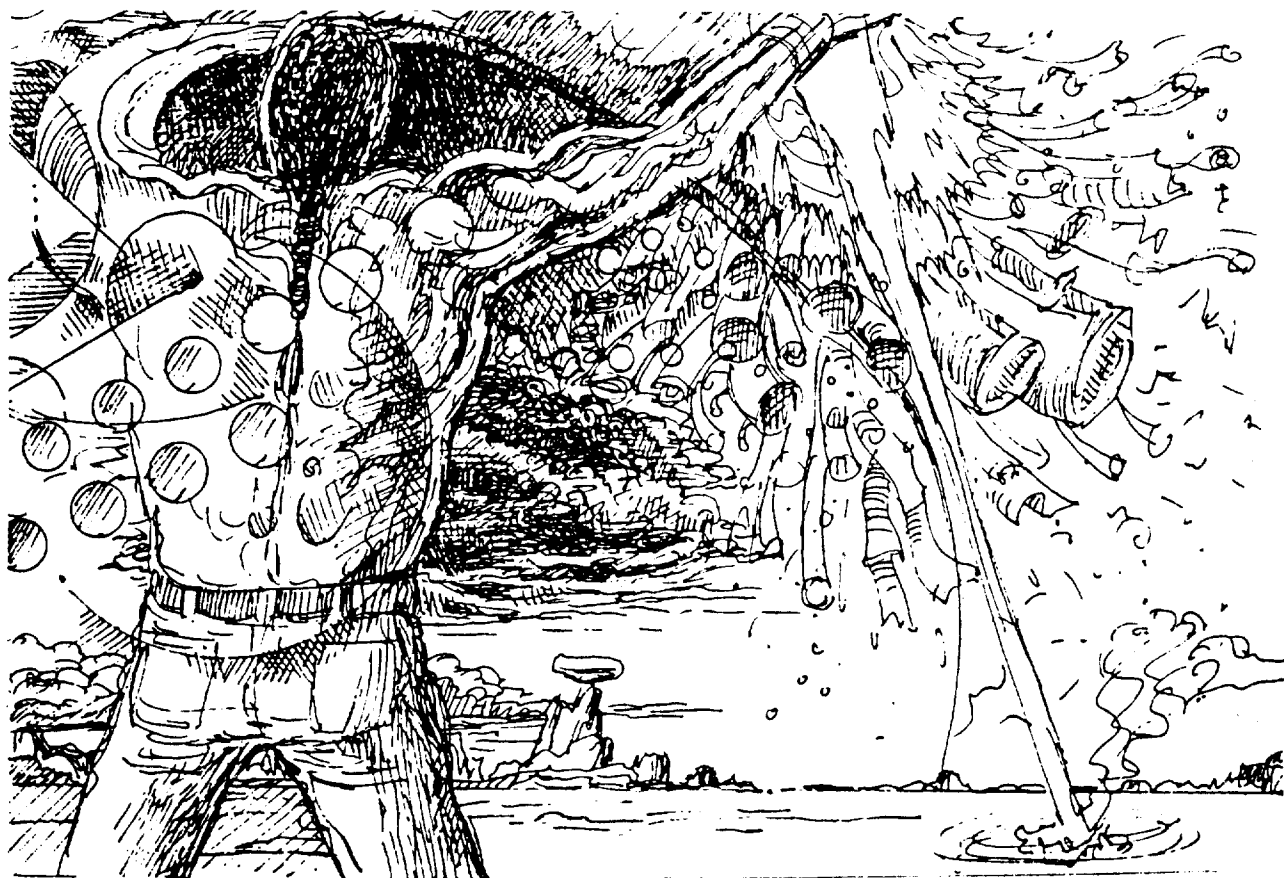
RADIO

It was the age of plastic,
of things growing smaller,
fourteen transistors
snug in the hand.
The world called in those
voices, sirens of love
and sorrow beamed into my room
from all the labelled points
on the dial, those frequencies
caressing me into sleep,
waking me to the facts
a child in the suburbs is denied.
That's how it comes back, the slow
hours in bed, my parents
asleep upstairs, the radio
under my pillow, late-night
callers on talk shows
in Boston or Buffalo arguing
the questions they've suffered,
the joys that dazzle,
hurt, and master us.

By: Joe Lucia



Mike Tornoe



Mike Tornoe

SUNDAY

7:00 am - GOSPEL - *See Highlights*

9:00 am - LATIN SUNDAY -

See Highlights

12:00 pm - SOUNDSTREAM - Instrumental - *See Wednesday Highlights*

2:00 pm - VINE STREET - Blues

4:00 pm - FOLK FRONTIERS -

See Highlights

6:00 pm - FINE TUNING - Classical - *See Highlights*

8:00 pm - INTERVIEW - *See Highlights*

8:30 pm - CENTER STAGE -

See Highlights

10:00 pm - KEN NORDINE'S WORD JAZZ - *See Highlights*

10:30 pm - HOME TAPER - *See Highlights*

12:00 pm - BURIED ALIVE - *See Highlights*

2:00 am - OVERNIGHT - Rock -

See Highlights

Sunday HIGHLIGHTS

7:00 am GOSPEL HIGHWAY

For over seven years Gospel music has been riding the airways of 91.7 on Sunday mornings. Enjoy spiritual Gospel music with a message of love, and hear about related events in the Lehigh Valley every Sunday of the year. Host: Brother Calvin Robinson.

9:00 am LATIN SUNDAY

Broadcast in Spanish, LA VOZ CARIBE features the rhythms and themes of contemporary and traditional Latin American music, along with news of interest to the Lehigh Valley's Hispanic community. Host: Tony Cosme.

4:00 pm FOLK FRONTIERS

Sunday in the Mountains

Journey to the southern mountains to sample the riches of bluegrass and old time music. Included will be rare 78 rpm and field recordings as well as past and contemporary performers on the scene. Host: Tom Druckenmiller.

Look Across the Water

On alternate Sunday afternoons explore the music of the

Gaelic countries as well as Great Britain and Canada. Hosts: Bo Bear and Truman Ingalsbe.

6:00 pm FINE TUNING

The emphasis is on the voice. Opera, song, cantatas, liturgical music, anything sung, is the focus of attention.

8:00 pm INTERVIEW

Not just another talk show, Interview takes a personal look at the topics and trends that matter most to the Lehigh Valley and our nation. We'll hear interviews with innovators in the performing arts, fine arts and music industry, as well as the people behind the issues whose opinions and decisions shape tomorrow's headlines and our lives. Tune in... broaden your horizons. Host: Celeste Walker.

8:30 pm CENTER STAGE

This summer Center Stage returns for its second season with a newly expanded format. In addition to presenting musical scores and synopses from the stage of American Musical Theater, information about the surrounding Lehigh Valley Theater scene will also be presented. Center Stage will form the apex of the triangle that links Broadway to Allentown to Hollywood. Host: Bob Falkenstein.

10:00 pm KEN NORDINE'S WORD JAZZ

WORD JAZZ is a thought followed by a thought followed by another thought... a sort of wonder-wandering, innovative and often humorous, each program is a surreal, free-form audio journey of sounds, music, poetry, and droll dialogues. The program, according to National Public Radio, has to be heard to be seen.

10:30 pm HOME TAPER

Independently recorded music sounds from cassette artists around the world using simple home audio appliances. Local cassette artists are invited to submit work to the LVCBA. Who knows, a year from now someone could be whistling your version of "Dixie" in East Germany.

12:00 am BURIED ALIVE

BURIED ALIVE, the title of a song released by Boston's Lyres in 1981, is also the name of WMUH's longest running rock and roll program. Now in its seventh year, BURIED ALIVE continues to give exposure to new recordings of rock and roll and its older roots. Host: Neil Hever.

2:00 am OVERNIGHT

Beyond the Barriers

An early morning environment of electronic and acoustic sounds. A program that not only takes the listener beyond the limits of time and space, but breaks musical barriers by escaping the limits of typical musics. Host: Lunar Ladder.

MONDAY and TUESDAY



6:00 am - ALARM CLOCK - See
Tuesday Highlights

9:30 am - FINE TUNING - Classical -
See Thursday Highlights

12:30 pm - FOLK FRONTIERS - See
Tuesday Highlights

3:00 pm - CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC -
Rock

5:00 pm - SAMPLER SHOWS - See
Highlights

5:30 pm - SOUNDSTREAM -
Instrumental - See
Wednesday Highlights

7:00 pm - CITY LIGHTS - **Jazz**

9:30 pm - NIGHTSCAPE - **Rock** - See
Highlights

12:00 am - NIGHTSCAPE II - **Rock** -
See Monday Highlights

2:00 am - OVERNIGHT

Monday HIGHLIGHTS

3:00 pm CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC
Wax Museum

Move over Vinnie. This is a listening museum in the truest-like in the skin sense. Modern masterpieces, like from the 50s and 60s, ya know. Rare and unusual gems out of the vault. Live supplied by LVCBA's rock and roll curator extraordinaire, Big Win D, taking you there like it's then. Melt.

5:00 pm MONDAY SAMPLER

Discover the sounds and trends in today's new music with a sampling of recent releases and the artists behind them. Host: Tom Casetta.

9:30 pm NIGHTSCAPE
Gary's Radio Circus

IT'S... a magnificent parade of wonder acts, a grand display of rock exotica, past and present. Bop under the big top with the tall cool ringmaster. Fly through the airways with the greatest of... imports, exports, retorts. Funkified

freak dance; the melodic croon; the psychedelic tattoo; the hard rock jungle jam. Step right up. Host: Gary Gipson
Commtech 7

Various and sundry auditory excursions with special emphasis on the compatibility of analog and digital dimensions, old and new, here and there. Yin and yang. Host: Joe Swanson.

12:00 am NIGHTSCAPE II
The Dance of Soundwaves

At last! Acid House makes its debut in the Lehigh Valley. What is Acid House? Imagine the Partridge Family bus, crashing head on into Timothy Leary's laboratory. Out of the wreckage walk Samantha Fox, Cold Cut, Psychic TV, Phuture and the like. The world transforms before you: swirling colors, flashing lights, love, power, energy, ecstasy. Host: Darin Mazepa.

Tuesday HIGHLIGHTS

6:00 am ALARM CLOCK

Wind it up and hear it ring like no other with folk, jazz, blues, reggae, rock and maybe even a Gregorian chant.

12:30 pm FOLK FRONTIERS

What is folk music? It's a song preserved for generations, and a song written just this morning. It's an 80-year-old banjo player and a 20-year-old electric fiddler. It's loud and soft and everything in between. It's love songs and protest songs. It's music to lift your soul or to anger you. Tune in and expand the frontier.

5:00 pm TUESDAY SAMPLER

A sampling of audio possibilities, such as electronic music, unusual songs, usual sounds, environmental bits, silly bits, digital sampling, backward sounds and the Mr. Mark News, all presented with great humility.

9:30 pm NIGHTSCAPE
Therapy Session

Heavy mental experience. You are offered the primal scream approach to sound healing. Audiology on a night trip to what's going on in the underground. Dig the white noise, spoken word, Zen guitars, good sax and karma drums in industrial doses proffered by a high priestess of post-punk, a marquesa of madness. Attention, you quirked out hipsters, sign up for your head spin house call. No (strait) jacket required. Host: Your Doctor.

WEDNESDAY

6:00 am - ALARM CLOCK - See

Tuesday Highlights

9:30 am - CITY LIGHTS - Jazz

12:30 pm - CARIBBEAN COLLAGE

See Highlights

3:00 pm - CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC -

Rock - See Highlights

5:00 pm - COMMUNITY FOCUS - See

article on pg 13

5:30 pm - SOUNDSTREAM -

Instrumental - See

Highlights

7:00 pm - FOLK FRONTIERS - See

Highlights

9:30 pm - FINE TUNING - Classical

See Highlights

12:00 am - NIGHTSCAPE II - Rock

2:00 am - OVERNIGHT - Rock - See

Highlights

Wednesday HIGHLIGHTS

12:30 pm CARIBBEAN COLLAGE

Hear the sounds of reggae and other tropical rhythms. Feel the vibes of reggae from Jamaica, calypso/soca from Trinidad, merengue from the Dominican Republic, zouk from the French West Indies, and lush sounds from Latin lands. Take a trip to the Caribbean without ever leaving your home. This show is a must for the adventuresome soul. Host: Miguel Anthony.

3:00 pm CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC

Yadsendew

The first fully carbonated radio show. Ice not included. Host: Erika and Eileen.

5:30 pm SOUNDSTREAM

A sharp exploration through the instrumental realms of sound and space. Electric sophistication blends with traditional instruments in forms to stimulate the senses.

7:00 pm FOLK FRONTIERS

This evening edition of Folk Frontiers will feature the contemporary singer/songwriter/performers on today's festival and recording scene.



Carol McPhee

9:30 pm FINE TUNING

New, Old, and Unexpected

Classical music with a difference — it may be brand new, or it may have been brand new in the 14th century. Renaissance, baroque, and classical music played on period instruments, avant-garde music, post-modern and minimalist music, and unusual combinations are featured.

2:00 am OVERNIGHT

Culture Shock

Explore the 13 Mirrors of Reality, worlds most people would rather not acknowledge. The world is not jelly beans, Ivory Soap & 2-car garages. Neither is this program.

THURSDAY and FRIDAY

6:00 am - ALARM CLOCK - See
Tuesday Highlights

9:30 am - FINE TUNING - Classical -
See Thursday Highlights

12:30 pm - FOLK FRONTIERS - See
Tuesday or Friday Highlights

3:00 pm - CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC -
Rock

5:00 pm - CONSIDER/ART NEWS -
See Highlights

5:30 pm - SOUNDSTREAM - See
Wednesday Highlights

7:00 pm - CITY LIGHTS - Jazz

9:30 pm - NIGHTSCAPE - Rock - See
Highlights

12:00 am - NIGHTSCAPE II - Rock -
See Highlights

2:00 am - OVERNIGHT - Rock - See
Highlights

Thursday HIGHLIGHTS

9:30 am FINE TUNING

Six hundred years of classical music, medieval through post-modern. Hosts: Dennis Hammerl, Andy Reynolds, Carol McAlpine, Ross Amico, and others.

5:00 pm CONSIDER THE ALTERNATIVES

A lively weekly radio magazine covering political and cultural issues ranging from nuclear disarmament and US foreign policy to civil rights and the environment. Produced by the SANE Education Fund in Philadelphia. Made possible through an LVCBA underwriting grant from Rodale Press, Inc.

9:30 pm NIGHTSCAPE

Radio Vegetable or Mineral

There's a toxic incident in the churchyard. Random chaos is a filament for illumination. Commercial - cultural - cash crops. Through the Second Law of Diminishing Return, you don't know much but you do know it's Thursday and Radio



Glenn Frantz

Vegetable or Mineral. Heart - Beat - Rock AGIT PROP POP
Your tour guide: Maxx Fox.

12:00 am NIGHTSCAPE II
Fab Gear

Break down the barrier called Time, for it is always now. Action-shaking sounds to leave you jumping in the night. Host: Tom Casetta.

2:00 am OVERNIGHT
The Silent Land

Unusual music (Terry Riley, Brian Eno, John Cage, Henry Kaiser, Captain Beefheart . . .) and experiments with the radio format. Host: Glenn Frantz.

Friday HIGHLIGHTS

12:30 pm FOLK FRONTIERS
Hep Cat's Holiday

A progressive mix of swing, R & B, blues, bluegrass, Celtic, and acoustic absurdities. Traditional gems and avant folk blend in this uniquely hypnopompic program, guaranteed to start your toes tappin and your weekend happen. Head Hep Cat: the irrefragably galmptious Dave Fry.

5:00 pm ART NEWS

A Cultural Calendar at a twist of the wrist. Gallery stuff and Innerviews. Movies, plays, pottery, music. Host: Maxx Fox.

9:30 pm NIGHTSCAPE

Sine Qua Non

(Without Which There Is Nothing)

"Music is the brandy of the Damned"

George Bernard Shaw

A new beat for the new generation. A musical assault on the senses through a fusion of classic alternative music and the latest underground sounds. If it's new, you'll hear it first on Sine Qua Non. The best in alternative new music from ABC to XTC and everything in between. Host: Rick Kirkendall

2:00 am OVERNIGHT

Night Patrole

A second season of late night electropop dance tunes, progressive platters and early morning new age contemporary compositions. A musical collage served by various hosts.

SATURDAY

6:00 am - ALARM CLOCK - See Tuesday
Highlights

8:00 am - UNCLE FRANK'S HOME -
See Highlights

8:30 am - MUSIC OF INDIA - See
Highlights

**10:00 am - INTERNATIONAL
SHOWCASE - Polka** - See
Highlights

12:00 pm - DON'T SHOOT - Country

2:00 pm - ISLAND WAVES - Reggae

4:00 pm - WORLD MUSIC - See
Highlights

6:00 pm - CUTTING EDGE - Jazz - See
Highlights

8:00 pm - EXPOSURE - Variety - See
Highlights

10:30 pm - MR. MARK SHOW - Rock -
See Highlights

1:00 am - RADIO 23 - Rock - See
Highlights

Saturday HIGHLIGHTS

8:00 am UNCLE FRANK'S HOME

Uncle Frank's Home is back with lots of old friends, and lots of new songs, new stories, new adventures, and new friends. Stay tuned during the summer and find out: why does Spunky go to the doctor; who is the surprise party supposed to be for; what is really inside Spunky's magic castle; who marries whom; will Spunky's parents arrive in time? Join us here at Uncle Frank's Home, Saturday mornings during the summer season. See page 13 for calendar.

8:30 am MUSIC OF INDIA

Music of India offers a tasteful blend of classical Indian music, melodies from recent and old famous Indian films, and devotional songs. Now in its ninth year, Music of India reports news affecting India and its neighboring countries and provides updates on immigration laws affecting India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh. The Lehigh Valley's only Indian Music program can be heard every Saturday of the year. Hosts: Sudhir Brahmhatt and Master Tejal Brahmhatt. (see pg. 15 for article.)

10:00 am INTERNATIONAL SHOWCASE

Every Saturday morning for two hours of central and eastern European folk music as well as polkas and waltzes from this side of the Atlantic. Also featured are reports on related local and regional events. Hosts: Kathy Novogratz and Bob Strauch.

4:00 pm WORLD MUSIC

The rhythms and melodies of the Third World come alive every Saturday afternoon on the only radio program we know of that features the music of Tibet one minute and the drums of the African veldt the next. Expect to hear many selections you have never heard before, as well as occasional works by Western recording artists who have been influenced by the sounds of the Third World. (see story on pg. 14)

6:00 pm CUTTING EDGE

Where the experimental and existensional create a new Jazz dimensional.

8:00 pm EXPOSURE

An array of program hosts travel from as far away as Rhode Island to present this mixed bag program. Muscologists from Tibet with a tolerance for extensive travel are being sought to expand the repertoire of this program. All seriousness aside, the music for this show originates from around the world and from the beginning of time (Gregorian chants to Russian disco, salsa to coupunk). The sounds range from the mainstream to the unusual for the schizophrenic listener. Periodically, live performances by independent and local musicians will be featured.

10:30 pm THE MR. MARK SHOW

Folks, Mr. Mark's Show of Shows combines swell underground music with the finest Extra Added Radio Swill ever assembled. Tapes, voices and sounds punctuate the music and every now and then Mr. Mark stops the show to say Funny Things. Hear the Funny Things. Hear the music, by Alien Sex Fiend, Bauhaus, Chris & Casey, Devo, Eno, Flying Uizards and the rest of the alphabet. Hear the weekly Unbearable Parable with special Moralistic Lesson along with a random assortment of Public Nervous Pronouncements, Radio Ads from the Future, Free Advice from the Allentown Society of Gangsters and the occasional Bedtime Story with Horrible Disturbing Ending. The Mr. Mark Show comes to you only on this radio station because I blackmailed the Program Director..

1:00 am RADIO 23

Radio 23 is sort of a mountain of silent crystallized rock. It's kind of an avant-garde melodic atonal state of Discordianist Fantasia. What I mean is it's a commercial hybrid of obscenely divine Satanic Christian musical visions of hope and abandonment. We're talking Sirius sound collage... OR is it just another Cabalistic Neo-Pan-ic Acid Dance Show? For psychedelic vegetarian hippie punks only. And, does 2 + 3 really = 0? Caution: Not recommended for beings on an Illuminated DNA restricted diet. Host: Joe Umbus.

TIME SURE FLIES WHEN YOU'RE HAVING FUN!

Now in our 25th year, WMUH-FM actually took shape more than forty years ago with the formation of a radio club at Muhlenberg College. This chronology follows WMUH from those humble beginnings to the present.

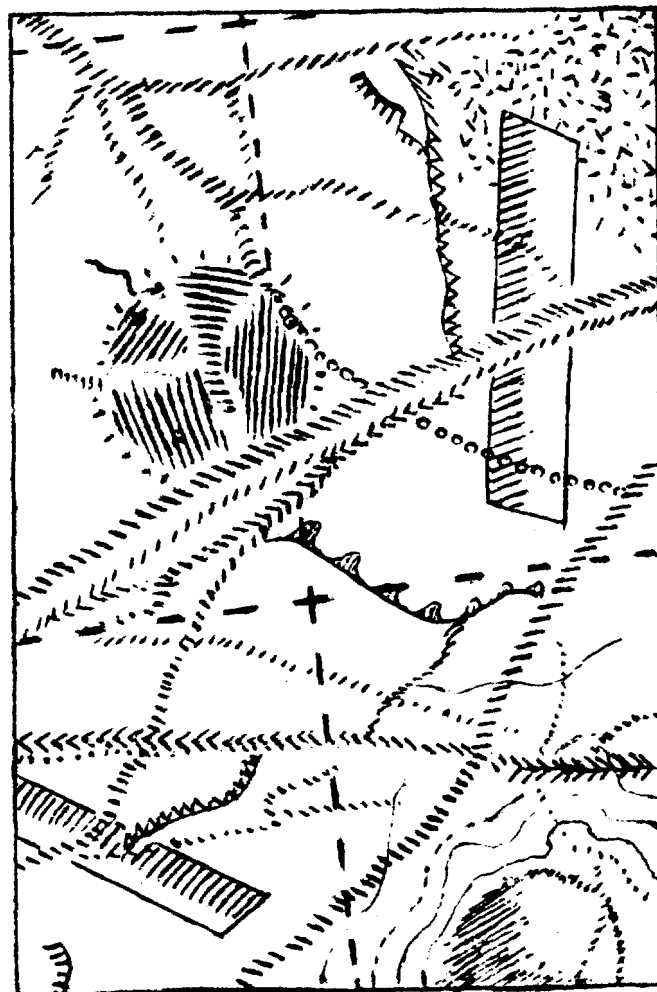
- 1948** A radio club is formed with ten members and a \$25 budget.
- 1949** Muhlenberg College receives licensing for a closed-circuit AM radio station.
- 1950** WMUH-AM begins broadcasting to all dormitories at 640 khz from the Science Auditorium. The staff of 20 students are on the air one night a week for three hours. Later this is expanded to two hours of programming two nights a week, ranging from big band to classical to "The Blue Lady Show."
- 1951** The station moves to its first real studios - a three-room operation in the basement of Haas Library. A new transmitter and studio equipment are built by Dr. Boyer of the Physics Department.
- 1953** WMUH-AM (normally a closed-circuit campus station) is monitored in states as far south as Virginia! As a result, the station has its license suspended.
- 1957** The station's license is reinstated by the FCC.
- 1959** WMUH-AM broadcasts 90 hours a week. The record collection includes 500 albums and 300 45-rpms. Planning begins for an FM broadcast station. The programming proposal for the station includes tapes from Radio Moscow and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Russian language lessons, plays, music interpretation and news.
- 1964** Muhlenberg College receives an FCC broadcast license for WMUH-FM.
- 1965** WMUH-FM begins broadcasting at 89.7 mhz with 10 watts of transmitting power. Permanent studios in Seeger's Union are completed. Format ranges from rock to opera.
- 1968** For the first time, the station provides continuous election coverage.
- 1969** The station begins carrying live performances from the Metropolitan Opera. WMUH-FM is honored by the national journalism fraternity, Pi Delta Epsilon, as the #1 collegiate radio station.
- 1979** WMUH-FM receives a power increase to 440 watts at a new frequency, 91.7 mhz. The station's primary broadcast area now covers a radius of 35 miles.
- 1981** The student staff invites community members to participate in programming. For the first time, WMUH broadcasts during the summer break.
- 1982** The schedule is expanded to 24-hours a day with the community staff programming all breaks and overnights.
- 1984** WMUH community volunteers incorporate as the Lehigh Valley Community Broadcasters Association.
- 1987** The college hires its first General Manager. That summer, the station broadcasts temporarily from an apartment in Presser Hall while Seeger's Union is remodeled.
- 1988** The station moves into new studios in Seeger's Union. A marketing study by the college's Business-Marketing students indicates that a substantial portion of the community listens to WMUH.
- 1989** WMUH-FM celebrates its 25th anniversary and community broadcasters enjoy our ninth summer on the air.



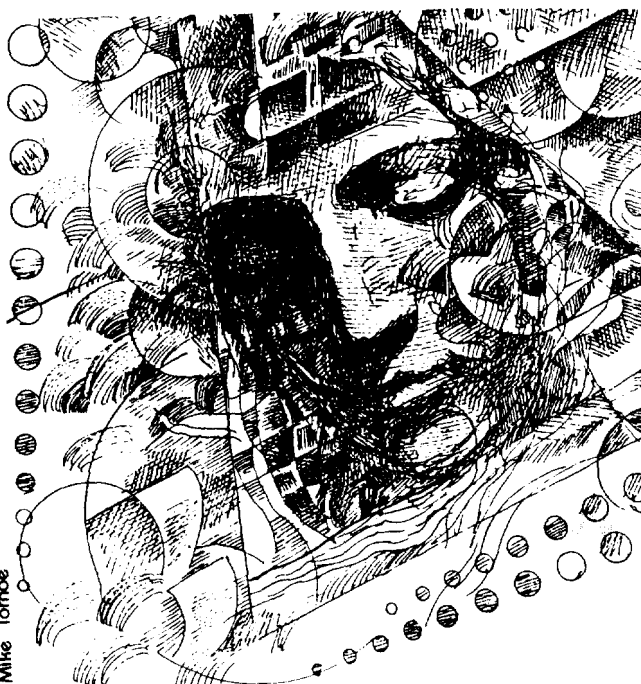
David Metz

SUMMER SCHEDULE FOR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME

MAY	6	NEW 1 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME - 'SPUNKY GOES TO THE DOCTOR'
	13	REPEAT OF LAST YEAR'S 1/2 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME
	20	STEPHANIE BURKE'S NEW 1/2 HR SHOW
	27	REPEAT OF LAST YEAR'S 1/2 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME
JUNE	3	NEW 1 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME - 'THE SURPRISE PARTY'
	10	REPEAT OF LAST YEAR'S 1/2 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME
	17	STEPHANIE BURKE'S NEW 1/2 HR SHOW
	24	REPEAT OF LAST YEAR'S 1/2 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME
JULY	1	NEW 1 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME - 'SPUNKY'S MAGIC CASTLE'
	8	REPEAT OF LAST YEAR'S 1/2 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME
	15	STEPHANIE BURKE'S NEW 1/2 HR SHOW
	22	REPEAT OF LAST YEAR'S 1/2 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME
	29	NEW 1 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME - 'THE WEDDING'
AUGUST	5	REPEAT OF LAST YEAR'S 1/2 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME
	12	STEPHANIE BURKE'S NEW 1/2 HR SHOW
	19	REPEAT OF LAST YEAR'S 1/2 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME
	26	NEW 1 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME - 'SPUNKY'S PARENT COME HOME'
SEPTEMBER	2	REPEAT OF LAST YEAR'S 1/2 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME
	9	STEPHANIE BURKE'S NEW 1/2 HR SHOW
	16	REPEAT OF LAST YEAR'S 1/2 HR UNCLE FRANK'S HOME



Glenn Frantz



Mike Tarnoe

COMMUNITY FOCUS

This year's programs will focus on listeners in the community of all ages.

The month of May will bring you "The Teenager of the 80's". Their special needs and what the Lehigh Valley has to offer them.

June will bring you "Parenting Today", and where to find support.

July's highlight is "Honor Thy Health", presenting the Lehigh Valley's wholistic approach to health care.

And last but not least, August will send off our salutes to our community of Senior citizens, and their special involvement in the Lehigh Valley.

Hosts will be Brenda Casner
Geoff Chambers
Cheryl Haughney
Joe Lucia
Joe Swanson
Celeste Walker
Rick Weaver

The Program is coordinated by Jeannie Tranguch.



Tom Ardizzone

WORLD MUSIC:

Coyote and the Comfort Zone

In many native American traditions, Coyote holds a very prominent and respected position. He is many things to many people - a trickster, a fool, a powerful being and a continual explorer. Never satisfied with what is commonplace or known, he is an endless bringer of chaos, from which he creates order. It is his ability to adapt to unfamiliar situations that has earned him a place as a highly venerated teacher, a being whose wisdom and power come from his journeys outside the comfort zone.

World music, the music of other cultures, can at times sound chaotic - "out of this world". Follow Coyote to Elcho Island off Australia to listen to the didjeridu and enter dreamtime. Visit the Inuit Eskimo and marvel at two women crooning throat songs. Standing with Coyote on the shores of Lake Titicaca,

the sound of the pan pipe connects us to Peru's Indian heritage. When we investigate the origins of teh oud, the influence of Arabic music on European traditions comes into focus. Our four-legged friend will show us how American and African music overlap.

Coyote teaches us to explore and adapt. When we open ourselves to music from another culture, we must suspend our own society's standards of good and bad, of tunefulness and discord, and tune into the harmony that is "sui generis" (of one's own kind). As we travel outside our comfort zone, our world view expands and we simultaneously gain new insights about the music of our own society. Thanks Coyote.

Thomas Ardizzone

INDIAN MUSIC

Like the other arts, classical music of India evolved from temple culture. The great sainted composers believed to be communicating with God through their music. Love songs as well as devotional songs were addressed to God, who assumed varied roles - mother, father, friend or lover. The kings were great patrons of the temples and the arts and maintained at their courts musicians, dancers and artists.

The Western listeners' attention has already been attracted to some essential aspects of Indian music: The ragas' power to evoke emotions, the freedom of the musician to improvise melodies and rhythms, the influence on the very development of a raga by the communication established between the player and the listener. Despite the 'classical' label which is often attached to Indian music, numerous signs show us that it has remained a live language. An additional proof of this dynamism can be found in the continuous but sure evolution of the raga, the fundamental idea of Indian music.

Raga is derived from Sanskrit word ranga meaning color or

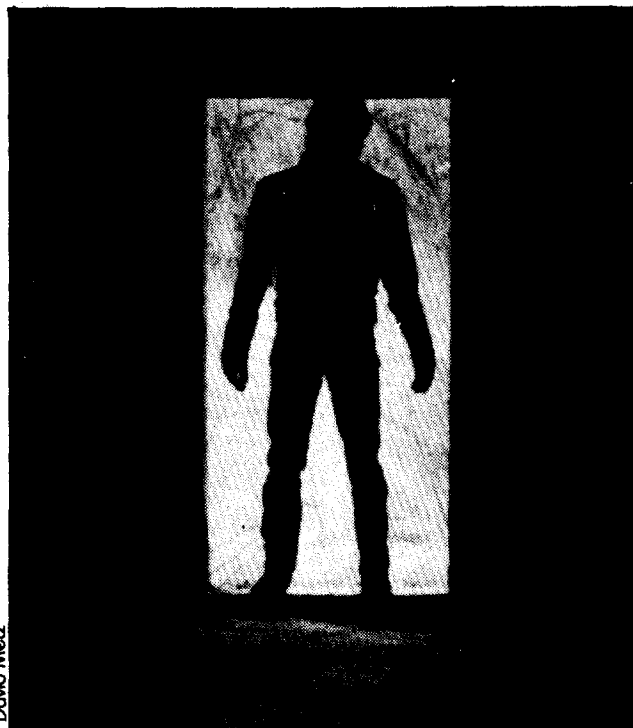
tinge and is the basic element of classical Indian composition. Every Raga has its poetic and visual image including color, form, and emotional mood. Development of instrumental music compared to vocal music allows the raga to be placed in a new light which perhaps partially explains the ever more extensive echo this language has found in Western Audiences.

The cohesive force which is progressively heard in the different raga, their ability to concentrate the listeners' attention and to favor communications to the senses, have led to the characterising of the raga with feelings, states, moments of daily or climate cycles, colors, to which they seem to be suited.

These analogies are not always easily transferred into a western setting, however, they open new horizons to the search for ties between musical language and the universe of the senses. Today, more and more use of Indian music is found in the Western music.

Sudhir Brahmabhatt





David Metz

THE STORY

BY: Michael J. Christ

I remember, when I was just a little punk of about ten years old, there used to be a guy in our neighborhood who'd tell real bullshit stories to us kids on just about any subject, ranging from World War II to UFO sightings. Well, some of those stories were *real* good, you know? Not because of any special technique, or anything, but just because of the way the guy had of telling them. After all, I'm sure none of them were true, but, while he was telling them, you'd get so caught up in the whole thing that, if only for the while he was talking, you'd really *believe*. Anyway, my favorite one concerned an old barn, and it went something like this:

"Hey, kid! You see that old, burned-out foundation over there? You know what used to stand on top of it? Well, you just sit yourself down here next to old Frank, and I'll tell you." (Thinking back, I always thought it ironic that a chronic liar should be named "Frank".)

"About sixty some-odd years ago, when I was just a little kid like you, there was an old barn there. It was your ordinary, run-of-the-mill wooden barn, and my daddy and a few of the neighbors used to keep their tools and such in there. And I used to play in there whenever I couldn't play outside, or when I just got plain bored of playin' outside, and wanted to kick up a little dust. Well, like I said, it was just an ordinary barn, but there *was* somethin' special about it, too. You see, one corner of that there barn was cursed. You heard me, *cursed*! (And stop that laughin', boy,

or you'll be laughin' out the other side of your face.) Anybody who ever set foot inside that place knew it to be cursed, 'cause there'd always be a whole mess of flies a-buzzin' around that one corner, day or night, winter or summer, rain, shine, hail, or snow. There was big old horseflies, and deerflies, and bitin' blackflies, and even giant dragonflies, (with *teeth*, mind you), buzzin' up a storm in just that one corner of that old barn. Yes sir, a cloud of flies in there so thick you couldn't see through 'em, and nothin' or nobody would want to get close enough to try, anyway. Nothin' that ever walked on God's green earth and had any kind of decency would go near there, not for love nor money, no way!"

"Well, like I said, I used to play in there once in a while, but never anywheres near that corner. So, one hot summer day, after leavin' that old place, I decided I'd do somethin' nice, and clean out my rabbit's hutch before lunch, so I took him out, set him on the ground, and that's when it started. (I'll tell you in a minute! Don't go interruptin' your elders, son, 'cause some of us don't like it.) What happened was that one of the dogs got loose, and chased that poor rabbit right into that barn, with me hot on his tail. Well, that rabbit, he was so scared on account of that dog that he ran smack dab into the middle of that cloud of flies, and couldn't get back out. The dog, he turned tail and ran out as fast as he ran in, and there I was, watchin' one of my pets bein' tortured by all them flies, and not knowin' what to do next."

"Now, my mamma didn't raise no fools, and she sure didn't allow no downright lamebrains in the house, so I knew enough to realize that the devil and all the hordes of hell laid claim to that spot, and that nothin' that didn't have some kind of tie-in with Satan didn't belong there if it wanted to keep on livin'. But, like I said before, I was young, and I figured that if God *does* look after fools and little children like I heard the preacher say once, then He oughta be lookin' double at me. And I figured that since I said my prayers the night before, and went to church last Sunday, and since I hadn't wished anything *real* bad on anybody lately, that I could maybe take on all the legions of Lucifer, and walk away without a scratch. So I stepped into that corner."

"Lord Almighty! What a stench was in there! And the noise! It was so loud you'd wish you were struck deaf on the spot, and then you'd think that maybe you were, but could still hear 'em anyway. I tried to look down around my feet so I could get that damn rabbit and run out, but I couldn't even see that far, and I was gettin' scared for my own life. You know, I never did find out whether or not he got outta there, but if he did, he's probably still runnin'."

So there I was, whether in Hell or still on earth, I didn't know, and I was thinkin' that that preacher I'd heard was a bold faced liar when he said what he said, and I fully expected to be snatched up by the devil himself when one

of them dragonflies kinda hovered in front of my face, and the rest of 'em sorta quieted down a little."

"Now, this dragonfly was big . . . I mean HUGE, like it was more dragon than fly, and it had the meanest look on its fly face, and the biggest, sharpest, shiniest teeth in its fly mouth, that I thought I was gonna faint dead away just lookin' at it. (No, I didn't, and don't interrupt me again! Didn't your mamma teach you any manners?) So I stood there, stock-still, wishin' all the time that I'd never set foot outside my house that day. And it went on for the longest time like that, me starin' at it, and it starin' holes in me, and then it began to talk!"

"It told me that its name was 'Asmodeus', and that it wasn't a fly at all, but a demon, and that it was gonna take my immortal soul down to hell with it as soon as it got the O.K., and even scarier stuff that I just can't repeat. Well, my knees were shakin' so bad, and my teeth were chatterin' so loud as to drown out the buzzin' of them flies, and I was so scared that I figured if I was gonna go to Hell, it might as well be with a fight as without, so I looked old fly-face right in the eye and said, 'Oh yeah?' (Which ain't too bad, considerin' what I was up against). But that old Asmodeus, he just laughed in my face and he said, "Look behind you, kid.", so I looked, and the barn door shut itself, and the flies started to grow all around me, and Asmodeus himself turned into a man right before my eyes, took me by the shoulder, and walked me right through the barn wall."

Right about this time, when it was really getting deep, I would tell myself that even though this isn't true, I might as well listen anyway, so I always stayed.

"One step, and we were in the churchyard in town, with ghosts all around instead of flies, (so it was quieter, which made me feel a little better, and it sure smelled better than the barn), and the ghosts all flocked around us, and they told me how each and every one of 'em had had some kind of dealings with Asmodeus in the past, and had lived better as a result, and how goin' to Hell afterwards wasn't so bad, after all. Then they all hovered over this one tombstone in the graveyard, so Asmodeus walked me over there, and he told me that there wasn't a body in the grave at all, but gold, and that all I had to do to claim it was come back that night and dig it up. Then I was back in the middle of the barn, and I ran outside into the sunshine, and thought about all I'd seen and heard, and shivered a lot."

"That night, after my parents were asleep, I sneaked down into the barn, got a shovel, and started walking to the churchyard. It was a long walk, the moon was full, and the night was just cool enough to be comfortable."

When I got to the gate of the cemetery, I started having second thoughts. I figured that even if there was enough gold in that grave to let me live like a king for the rest of my days, and even if goin' to Hell wasn't as bad as

everyone says, why should I go breakin' into a graveyard in the middle of the night, just on the say-so of a giant dragonfly, demon or not? So I turned around to go back home, and right in front of me is old fly-face, just grinnin' ear-to-ear."

"Son", he says, "You're not thinking of walking back home now, are you?" And then he gave me the eye, and I got that cold shiver down my spine, and my legs got all rubbery again, and I guess I said 'No', 'cause he said, "Good, now let's get to work, shall we?" And he snapped his fingers, the gate opened, and we walked on in."

There weren't any ghosts this time, just me, the moon, a slight breeze, and the demon. He walked beside me with his hand on my shoulder, just like before, and he led me straight to the grave I'd seen earlier, and set me to work. It was a deep hole I'd dug, and was nowhere nearer any gold then I was when I started, but he told me to just keep diggin' while he whistled and watched, and I was too scared to do anything else. Then my shovel blade struck wood, so I cleared the top and opened the lid and found nothin'. No gold, no body, nothin' but an empty coffin in the bottom of a deep hole, and I was all set to call that guy a liar when he pushed me down into that box, threw on the lid faster than you can blink, and was laughin' and shovelin' dirt back on top of me."

"Have you ever been in a coffin, boy? Where it's so dark you can't even see your hand in front of your face, and it's damp, and smells of wet earth, and there ain't even enough room to take a deep breath? Well, like I just said, that's where I was then. Inside a coffin that wasn't mine, in a grave that wasn't mine, (at least not to start with), with a real, live demon throwin' dirt in on top of me."

"That's when I started to pray. I prayed to God, and to each and every saint in Heaven, one-by-one. I prayed until I couldn't think of any more prayer words, and I still kept prayin', but nothin' happened."

"Eventually, the noise of dirt hittin' the lid stopped, and it got real quiet, and I had just given myself up to the notion that I was as good as dead, when I heard sweet, soothing voices come out of nowhere, and a bright light struck my eyes, and two strong arms pulled me out of the ground and laid me in my bed at home like nothin' had happened, and I fell asleep."

"Next mornin', I went tearin' outside to the barn to see if anything had changed, 'cause I figured if nothin' had, then everything that happened the night before was a dream, you know? But the barn wasn't there. My dad told me it had burned down last night, and all that was left was the foundation, and that's what you're lookin' at now."

Then he'd always say something like, "What do you think of that?", and sometimes I'd tell him, and sometimes I wouldn't, but I always walked away thinking, and I guess that's why he told all those stories in the first place.

THE END

AN AWKWARD CRUISE

Old Leo Rex
All angrily
Said, "Those who'd rob

"From Royalty
A piece of clothes
Are 'neath our scorn,

" 'Though thefts may vex
us, 'Twas adorned
With our own seal,

"Which they ignored!
Let them that steal
Suppose them warned

"By me: The sea
Shall slay them all!
Aye, that's my curse;

"My footgear shall
Not be dispersed
'Mongst all! As for

"His sons, from year
To year, this hex . . .
My Dear!", he balked.

"You're wan! Distressed!
Distracted! What ails?"
("Thy breath could pull

"These sails!"; so thought
Queen Hildegard.
"That man can talk!

"This cruise is hard
Enough; I'm not
Amused by such

"Bluster, this long,
Bardlike chatter!
Rather fritter

"The hour in
Silent sitting,
Than suffer through

"Blather!"). Loud she
Replied, "Yet I've
Not eaten: I'm

"Starved! Come and
Carve, dear, th'entree
In our stateroom!

"Lots of sauce! What
Delight!" Leo
Bawled, "I've espied

"A small speck, 'way
Off deck, in the
Glare of the sea,

"That's occasioned
An insight on
My part." Now his

Gaze, far it strayed
'Cross the rail, where
The waves rolled. The

Sails, too, were all
Flopping about.
"There, floating! Look!

"That's my lost sock!"
The King halooed.
("Likely not. Why,

'Tis but a boat!
Foolishness!", the
Queen concluded.)

He smirked. "I swore
That sock'd be found!"
("A drowned sea-bird,

"I'd say", the Queen
Covertly sighed,
"But not his lost

"Clothes!"). "What's th'o'clock?"
She quizzed him, while
Plotting luncheon.

The King harrumphed.
"Thy enquiry
Is fruitless, for

"My watch if gone
Now too! First sock,
Then watch . . . why, at

"This pace we'll lose
A suitcase-full
Within the day!

"Oho! Again
It floats!", he cried,
Then stared, and looked.

(She pondered, "When
He broods, and all
The while peers 'way

Out to sea, he's
So peculiar!
Besides, it's quite

Entirely plain
It's simply not
his clothes he thinks

He sees at all,
but rocks!"). Such were
Her thoughts. "Can't one

Glean the hour from
The sun? Have you
That pow'r?", she moaned.

With rumbling guts.
"It can, indeed,
Be done", recalled

The King: then sighed.
"But not by me!
May be, we two

"Could hire a few
Sea-faring men,
With socks intact,

"And watches! Why,
They'd dare try it!
But I would fail".

His visage paled
At this. "Prithee,
Dear, but we're at

"Sea, and 'midst so
Many Seamen!",
Said The Queen. "Perhaps

"Call the Captain . . . ?"
"No no no, not
That man!", cried the

King. "His clothes are
Doltish, aye, his
Suit's a fright, you've

"Not espied it?
Trousers loose, and
Toupee slipped! And

"Oh, his wit could
fit upon a
pinhead! Poor man!

"He knows not what
Gentility
Can be, nor what,

"(Consid'ring but
The present time),
It is." To this,

The Queen replied,
"Well, on this cruise
I would not be

"Surprised. His pants
Were loose, you say?
His hair askew?

"The fool! Then we'll
Not chance't with him.
But you, my dear,

"Must somehow find
The time!". The King
Surveyed the sky.

"Long after two,
To judge just by
The sun (I'll try

"For you, my Queen,
Tho' such scrying's
Bootless)." She shook

Her head and sighed.
"Mid-afternoon!
Too late for food!

"Too hectic's paced
The trip. But on
This cursed ship

"We must expect
The worst". The King
Looked as one lost.

Haunting was the
Captain's 'maged
Hair: touseled; false.

Hildegard saw,
And calmed him with
Smooth, soft talking.

"Being always
Kingly can be
Daunting, at its

"Best distressing.
Often from it
All we learn a

"Lesson. Did you
Bring spare socks?". "Why",
"Yes!", the King said

With excitement.
"Another watch?",
She pressed him. "Yes

"Again!". He cried,
"You're right! Why be
Obsessed with socks,

"Watch and such? I
Really rather
Much enjoy the

"Sea, and simply
Gazing out. Here's
Beauty, all in

"Royal blue, and
That's enough to
Please me". His face

Displayed a shock.
"But dear! That IS
My sock out there,

"I'm sure! Pray look,
It's closer now!"
The Queen complied.

(She thought, "I trow,
It must be, oh,
A scow, say, or

"A distant bow
Of ship, or smoke,
Or idlers out.

"A-rowing boats,
A wreck, a float,
A fish, a fleck

"Of glinting light.
His errant sight
Hath made all small,

"Suspicious, and
Unkennd. I'll tell
Him, then, I see

"It too: agree,
And we can move
To other things.")

"My King", she said,
"It is your sock
Indeed, I see

"It now! But can
It be retrieved
From yonder deeps?

"Consider; welgh;
And let not brain-
Bred pond'rings make

"Thee err". "I weep
To hear thy vain
Entreaty, dear",

The King declared.
"That had been true,
But thy advice

"Is overdue,
I dare say. See?
How the mounting

"Tide hath brought the
Thing to view much
Better than it

"Was, and lifts it
High, unfettered
To the sight. 'Couldst

"Now well retrieve
It, on the deck
Alight it, dry

"It, use it as
'Twere new. What think
You of this plan?",

He asked. ("I dare
Not tell the truth",
She thought. " 'Tis odd,

"This cruise, but yet
His attitude
Is odder still!

"I'll bet it's all
The salt-air, or
The colling, shrill,

"Of gulls that's fazed
Him so! If I
Say no it would

"But make him sad
And sullen. I'll
Agree again,

"And hope this mood
Will go"). "My King!",
She cried, "Let's try

"The thing! A stick
To snare the sock,
I ween, is now

"Most needful." "And
Here, so close at
Hand that't must be

"Providential",
Said the King, "is
Just the stick we

"Seek!". ("His mind
Is weak", she thought,
"Perhaps from too

"Much sun".) Anon he
fetched it, leaned to
Leeward, poked the

Pole down to the
Blue. He pulled out . . .
Oh! A seaworm!

No! A something . . .
And the wretched
Royal two were

Quickly cringing
From the thing that
Hung before them.

Like a body
From a noose it
Swayed there silent,

Black, and clotted,
And their hopes for
Food and cruising

All were lost in
Rapt'rous horror.
"Ah Me! Alas!",

Now shrieked the Queen,
While the King cried
"Wellaway!". It

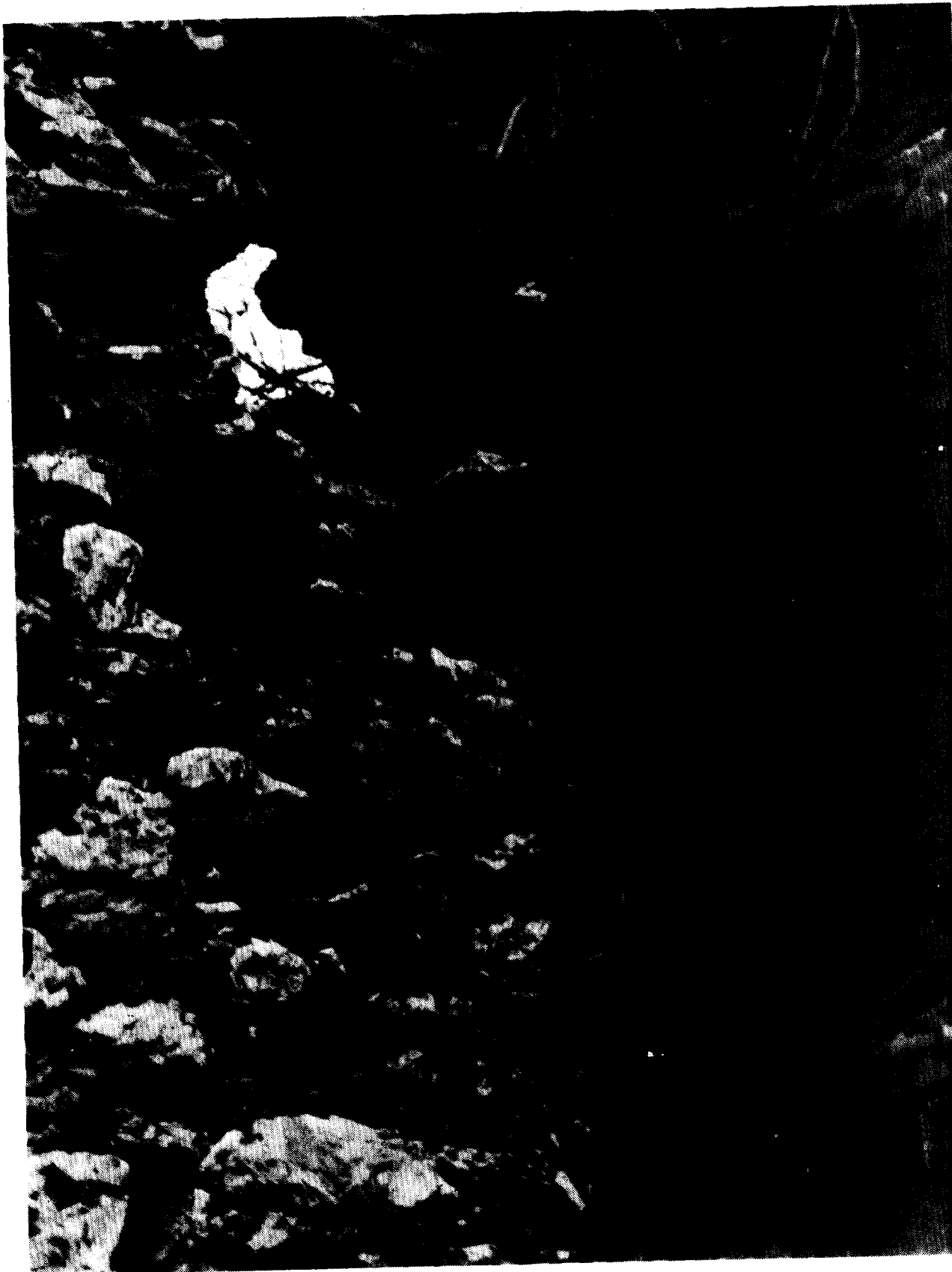
sas not a sock
at all; it was
a cheap, unkempt

Toupee.

Joe Schmidt



David Metz



WHOLE-WORLD AT THE NIGHT ENCAMPMENT

This is all true. I said I would hunt, but I went only a little way and played and rested all day. I caught a few small things, but just for myself to eat. Most of the day I lay in the shade and watched the river.

I fell asleep and woke up when it was almost night, but I stayed. The woods are better than my wife. I made a fire and gathered leaves to sleep in. The animals were loud and close by, but I was not afraid because the village was near.

I fell asleep again and when I awoke it was very dark. A wind came from the forest, stronger and stronger. Then, close by, a big crashing like trees pulled away. Then Whole-World sat down at the encampment.

He was big as the sky, and he had to take off his hat to let the Moon go by. He had a suit like the President's, but all black. He had glasses on his face and a cane with boars' heads on the top and a big gold watch hanging from a chain. When he sat he struck the earth with his cane and made it shake, and all the boars' heads moved and cried out.

I was not afraid because Grandparents were asleep close by in the village, and Whole-World did not come where old people were. If I ran to the village he could not follow, so I did not run away.

He leaned over and his face filled the whole clearing. He had very many teeth and red eyes. He said, "I am the Whole World. You should be afraid of me, but you are not. You should run away from me, but you have not."

I said, "Whole-World does not frighten me. Grandparents are sleeping in the village close by, and so I am not afraid. If I would run there you could not follow, and so I do not run away."

Whole-World took trees from his jacket pocket, like a man with a clump of grass. He began to sing and laugh, "Grandparents close by, Grandparents close by". He walked around the encampment and put all the trees into the ground with his hand, very quickly all around. They were very thick.

When he finished he sang "Grandparents far away, Grandparents far away". Then he sat down. The earth shook again, and the boars moved again and cried out. He said, "Now you have waited too long. When you were not afraid you could have run away. Now you are afraid and cannot run away".

Now I was very afraid. I got up to run away, but I no longer knew where I was. I called out for Grandparents, but I could not see where the village lay.

Whole-World said, "I will madden my animals and they will catch you". He struck his cane on the earth over and over, and the earth shook and cracked open. He let go of the cane and it ran toward me, and the boars' heads screamed, very loud.

I ran away into the forest. I ran and ran for a long time, and then I couldn't see the cane behind me anymore.

I came to a village where all the people have three arms. I said, "Whole-World's cane is chasing me. You must take me to the Grandparents or I will be devoured." They said, "Why live long with only two arms? Our lives are short, but we can do much work." I stayed for a day, but then the cane found me, and I went back into the forest.

I came to a village where all the people had three legs. I said, "Whole-World's cane is chasing me. You must take me to the Grandparents or I will be devoured." They said, "Why live long with only two legs? Our lives are short, but we can run fast." I stayed there for a day, but then the cane found me, and I went back into the forest.

I came to a village where all the people had three heads. I said, "Whole-World's cane is chasing me. You must take me to the Grandparents or I will be devoured." They said, "Why live long with only one head? Our lives are short, but we can see all around us." I stayed there for a day, but then the cane found me, and I went back into the forest.

I came to a village where all the people had three genitals. I said, "Whole-World's cane is chasing me. You must take me to the Grandparents or I will be devoured." They said, "Why live long with only one set of genitals? Our lives are short, but we can give much pleasure." I stayed there for a day, but then the cane found me when I was sleeping with a village woman, and the cane caught me.

It carried me all night until we reached the encampment where Whole-World was waiting, and the cane carried me up into Whole-World's hand. He said, "Now the Whole World will devour you", and he lifted me to his mouth.

He turned me in his hand to look. He touched me on the arm with his finger. He said, "What is this! Only two arms? Then you cannot do much work".

He turned me in his hand to look. He touched me on the leg with his finger. He said, "What is this! Only two legs? Then you cannot run fast".

He turned me in his hand to look. He touched me on the head with his finger. He said, "What is this! Only one head? Then you cannot see all around you".

He turned me in his hand to look. He touched me on the genitals with his fingers. He said, "What is this! Only one set of genitals? Then you cannot give much pleasure".

He set me down and stood up and opened his watch. He said, "What a fool I am, wasting all night with you! The Whole World doesn't want you; you are good for nothing. Go home to your Grandparents!". He pulled up the trees again and went away. Then I came back to the village.

That is what happened to me that night. All of the story is true.

Joe Schmidt

UNDERSTANDING KATE

By Monica Szttybel

A Comprehensive Guide to Kate Bush.

Since the mid-seventies the work of musician, songwriter Kate Bush has graced the airwaves of noncommercial radio stations. WUMH-FM has been no exception. Although her picture has never made the cover of one of those weekly U.S. news magazines, Bush's music has brought much joy to many listeners. For those readers who are already fans and for those who are not familiar with Kate Bush we offer the following article.

When the public discovers an artist with a unique new sound, they want to know why this new performer is so different, so unique. Some people like to think the person is on drugs or is into witchcraft. But does it matter? Kate Bush is a unique performer using nothing but her own talent and drive to make her music special.

"A lot of my songs are my own traumas. The best time for writing is when you're going through a heavy time. You have an enormous amount of energy."

Bush 2/78

While many contemporary artists churn out music like a machine, Bush spends her time nurturing her music and working at it. She wants the songs to be special, so she spends most of her time and money on synthesizers and instruments to make the sound all her own.

Bush's upcoming album was supposed to be released in September of 1988. The date was pushed to December and then to January of 1989. As of the beginning of March, the album still hasn't been released and fans are getting impatient. It's not that Bush is being lazy, she is making sure the songs sound perfect. To Bush, perfection is everything.

Kate Bush's music makes a statement, and the work that goes into it reflects the energy of the songs. All her albums express a special message, make you think.

THE KICK INSIDE

"... If one person could actually produce the music themselves and give him or herself physically at the same time, then you'd get double the energy coming from one person... that's what I wanted to do."

Bush 2/78

"I hear him before I go to sleep
And focus on the day that's been
I realise he's there when I turn the light off
And turn over
Nobody knows about my man
They think he's lost on some horizon
And suddenly I find myself
Listening to a man I've never known before
Telling me about the sea
All his love, 'till eternity"

"The Man with the Child in His Eyes"

Bush's first album, *The Kick Inside*, was released in 1978 when she was 19. The songs on this album reflect romantic feelings. From the innocence in "The Man with the Child in His Eyes" to the erotic in "Feel It," Bush sings about different sides to love.

To show how deep Bush's feelings run, the above verse from "The Man with the Child in His Eyes" was written when she was twelve. In an interview Bush explained that in every man, there is a boy waiting to get out. A very mature way of thinking for a twelve year old.

Most of the songs on the album were written when Bush was 16. At that time, she was introduced to David Gilmour of Pink Floyd and, with his help, *The Kick Inside* came out three years later.

Bush was highly influenced by her older brothers and by her dance and mime teachers. Because of their help, she is able to 'feel' her music as well as perform it. Songs like "Moving" and "Them Heavy People" are dedicated to them.

"Moving liquid, yes you are just as water
You float around all that comes in your way
Don't think it over, it always takes you over
And sets your spirit dancing"

"Moving"

One of the most popular songs of Kate's first album is "Wuthering Heights". Taken from the book by Emily Bronte, Kate puts herself into the character of Cathy and sings out for Heathcliff in a haunting yet beautiful song.

"Heathcliff, it's me, Cathy come home
I'm so cold, let me in-a-your window"

"Wuthering Heights"

Just listening to this album makes you feel, 'them heavy people', 'kick inside', 'the man with the child in his eyes', 'moving', 'James and the cold gun', and everyone else for that matter.

LIONHEART

"You're communicating without talking, something that's inside you - your creation - and it's going out to people. It's fantastic when you see them accepting it."

Bush 4/79

Kate's next album was *Lionheart*, released in 1979. This album deals with the psyche. All the songs are introspective.

"Oh come on, you've got to use your flow,
You know what it's like, and you know you want to go.
Don't drive too slowly.
Don't put your blues where your shoes should be.
Don't push your foot on the heartbreak."

"Don't Push your Foot on the Heartbreak"

Many of the songs deal with inner problems which all people have to deal with. "In Search of Peter Pan" and "Fullhouse" are two more of those songs.

Some of the other songs on the album, like "Hammer Horror" and "Wow", deal with the theatrical. Although Bush denies it: "Hammer Horror" can be related to "Wuthering Heights." In both songs people are being haunted by a ghost. In "HH", during a production of a play, the lead actor dies and haunts his replacement.

"Rehearsing in your things
I feel guilty
And retracing all the scenes
Of your big hit."

"Hammer Horror"

Lionheart is basically a pick-me-up album with some lighthearted tunes mixed in. It is much simpler than her first album, which is slightly disappointing to Kate Bush fans, but it is good for a first time listener.

NEVER FOR EVER

"When you see people actually listening to the songs and getting into them, it makes you realize how important it is that they should actually be saying something."

Bush 1980

Kate's music does say something to the listener. The message in *Never for Ever* is human relationships. Kate ponders this subject from this album to *Hounds of Love*.

In "The Infant Kiss," Kate sings about a small child who is possessed by a man much older than she. This is the opposite of "The Man with the Child in His Eyes" where she saw a child in the man. She is questioning the alter ego in all of us. What are we really like? What is going on deep down within us?

When does one become an adult? Why are we so manipulative? The existential "why" is what Kate is trying to answer. Why are we the way we are?

In the popular song "Babooshka," Kate tells the story of a woman who wanted to see if her husband was cheating on her, so she conducted an experiment by dressing up and luring him into an affair with her. Meanwhile, he had no idea she was his wife.

Kate explores life threatening issues as well. "Breathing", for example, deals with nuclear war from the viewpoint of a fetus.

"Breathing
Breathing my mother in,
Breathing, my beloved in,
Breathing, Breathing her nicotine, breathing
Breathing the fall out-in, out-in, out-in, out-in . . .
Leave us something to breathe
(What are we going to do without it?)
Ooh life is -
Breathing"

"Breathing"

Never for Ever is the door to Kate Bush's exploration of human relationships. It is more complex than her first two albums, but nothing compared to the next one.

THE DREAMING

"People can react as seriously as they want to. I'd like them to sit there with the lyrics in front of them and the record turned up really loud and giving themselves to it."

Bush 1982

The liner notes of *The Dreaming* state that the record be played loud. Even softly, this record is hard to swallow for the most beloved of Kate fans.

The sound is more mature. Kate herself is more mature in her interviews. No longer do we see a romantic, but we see someone who is exploring life.

Kate sings about her maturity as well. "Sat in Your Lap" is about a person's climb up the socio-economic ladder and how aspirations may not always come out the way children hope they would.

"Some say knowledge is something sat in your lap
Some say knowledge is something that you never have
Some say that Heaven is Hell
Some say that Hell is Heaven."

"Sat in Your Lap"

Peter Gabriel is the influence behind this album, with all the drum machines and overlapping sounds, giving a much more haunting sound than any of her albums before or after.

Smuggling, murder and magic play key roles on this album. From a song about Houdini to a song about Vietnam, Kate delves into the human heart and makes the listener think about things they don't usually think about.

"Only tragedy allows the release
Of love and grief never normally seen"

"All the Love"

There are many good cuts off the album including: "Pull Out the Pin", "Night of the Swallow" and "Houdini", but the listeners must decide for themselves, because the style is very complex.

HOUNDS OF LOVE

"I don't really know why people think my songs are strange. Perhaps because I bathe in goat's milk! . . . My mum could probably help you more. It's probably something to do with my childhood."
Kate 1985

Kate Bush's best album to date is *Hounds of Love*. Four out of the five songs on side one have been big hits for her. "Running Up that Hill" finally brought Kate to America. She had been a success in Europe with her first four albums, but she didn't hit the American charts till this album.

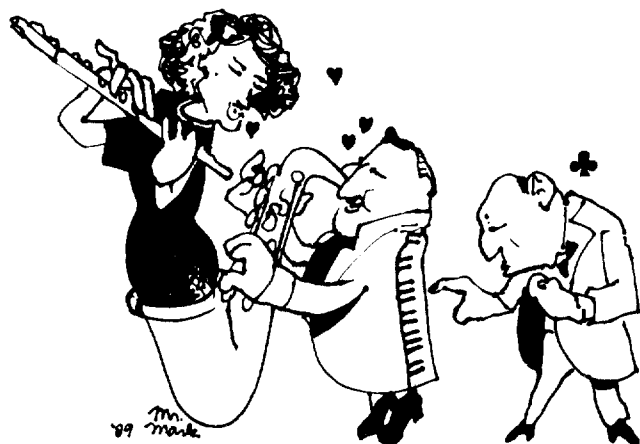
Critics were wary of the fact that side two (titled "The Ninth Wave") was a 'concept' piece. All the songs on side two, as a unit, told a story about a woman who drowns and wakes up in the past (Medieval times), where drowning witches was the custom. The woman is dubbed a witch, is drowned and dies, only to discover the meaning of life and is reborn to tell her family and the world what she has learned. It is a beautiful piece, which should be listened to very carefully in order to get the full story.

THE WHOLE STORY

My advice to a first time Kate Bush listener is not to buy, but to borrow her compilation album, *The Whole Story* from a friend. If you like and appreciate the feeling that she is trying to convey, return the record to your friend and go out and buy her other albums. *The Whole Story* is nice, but it is only a small part of the Kate Bush Experience. If you really want to feel it, buy the book by the same title by Kerry Jubly. He explains where she is coming from. You'll find that she doesn't need drugs or alcohol or witchcraft to do what she does. She's normal, and that's how we all should be.

"You don't need no crystal ball
Don't fall for a magic wand
We humans got it all, we perform the miracles."

"Them Heavy People"



Mark Klee

OPEN SPACE

What does a developing artist (dancer, musician, actor, poet, etc.) need? A clean white "Open Space". Open in every sense of the word, to any art form that deserves to be seen or heard. A place to try out new ideas or to see the best of the old, a testing ground, a chance to get feedback from peers and reviews from a knowledgeable press. A place to get the professional and emotional support needed to sustain experimental work because history tells us how elusive financial support can be, regardless of the quality of the work. A chance to try things that might fail, and to get back up and begin again, because to lose the fear of failure is to free an artist to be truly innovative, and the best art is never "safe art". Open Space is also a chance to experience success and to begin a reputation that might grow far beyond the Lehigh Valley.

Open Space started over 10 years ago as a visual artists' co-operative. After several leadership changes and consequent changes of direction the Gallery assumed its current form, rising to meet the community need as a center for all the arts. It now serves not only the areas emerging talents, but also the growing numbers of sophisticated gallery and performance goers who need the opportunity to explore a wide variety of art experiences in an intimate, hassle-free environment. Open Space gives them the opportunity to experience a dramatic confrontation between two actors so close and so real they are moved in a way they have never been before.

Where else could they watch and listen as a choreographer explains the development of a new dance, or hear an artist or photographer discuss his or her work? They might even want to take acting classes or bring their children in to see how holograms are made. All this is available at Open Space at prices that everyone can afford.

What about experienced presenting groups like improvco who can attract internationally famous avant-garde european musicians who draw a small but fanatically devoted audience? They need "Open Space" also, an intimate space so unstructured that the audience can mingle with and talk to the performers at the end of the performance.

Open Space may be small enough to be intimate, but it is large enough to accommodate "17 performers dressed in outrageous space garb" giving their own unique interpretation of jazz staples. Where else can you see a group like this one week, a traditional indian dancer and sitar player the next, followed by a hilarious modern day comedy of errors and finish out the month with contemporary dance pieces, all set in a gallery of stunning contemporary art? New York? Sure, but I doubt that you'll want to deal with the traffic and parking and pay the high ticket prices every week. Furthermore, many Open Space events are free, such events as the outstanding gallery shows that mix exceptional local talent with established names and nationally travelling shows like the recent "Faces of Destiny": beautiful and moving photographs made

AN ALL-AMERICAN SEASON in 1989

The Red Mill

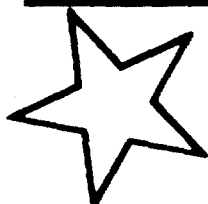
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Kenn Michael

from the original 91 year old glass plates taken at the American Indian Congress of 1898.

I think the person who came up with the phrase "America's Little Apple" to describe the Lehigh Valley, really "got it right". We're surrounded by great natural beauty in an area of growing economic opportunity, the site of many fine colleges and schools, and in recent years we've become the land of affordable homes for all those fleeing New Yorkers and New Jerseyans who want to be close enough to the epicenter to be "part of the action", but far enough away to avoid the high prices and most of the stresses of the metropolitan area. As this continues we're going to become more and more important as the starting place for upcoming talent. If the Lehigh Valley is the "Little Apple" then Open Space is "Apple Juice" and it should continue to be an essential part of the artistic future of the area.

Open Space is a non-profit, tax-exempt community art resource located at 808 Hamilton Mall, Allentown, Pa. 18101. It is supported by grants from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, the City of Allentown, the County of Lehigh, and contributions from individuals and corporations. Some events receive funding from the National Endowment for the Arts. Proposals for future events are welcomed from individuals and groups and will be considered on the basis of merit. Please call (215) 432-3091 Wednesday through Saturday, Noon to 5PM or Sunday 1PM to 4PM for more information. Contributors of \$15 or more become "Friends of Open Space" and receive all mailings, reduced prices on some events and other benefits. Liz Magno is a member of the Board of Directors and Past President, Open Space Gallery.

Liz Magno